

Wichita Daily Eagle

"BAY STATE"

GUITARS, BANJOS, ZITHERS, AND DRUMS.

THE LATEST AND BEST THE LEWIS BANJO.

JOHN C. HAYNES & CO. BOSTON, MASS.

TWENTY YEARS THE LEADER!!!

Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Scurvy, Eczema, Itch, and all External Affections removed quickly by

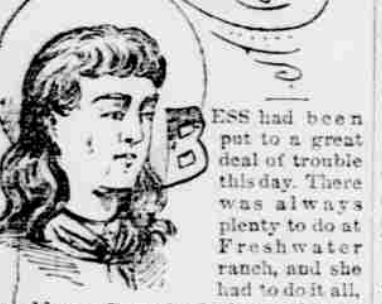
BENSON'S PLASTER

which is the only POROUS PLASTER that contains powerful and curative modern ingredients. IT IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE AND POSITIVE IN ITS ACTION.

Benson's Plaster cures Pneumonia, Influenza, Croup, Whooping Cough, Scurvy, Eczema, Itch, and all External Affections removed quickly by Benson's Plaster. Benson's Plaster is endorsed by 5,000 Physicians and Druggists.

CAUTION:—Benson's Plaster is not to be used on the face, neck, or chest, as it is liable to cause inflammation. Keep it in a cool place.

Old Barnaby's Bess.



BESS had been put to a great deal of trouble this day. There was always plenty to do at Freshwater ranch, and she had to do it all.

for, old man Barnaby had ceased to be of any particular use in this world long before Geronimo had become the chief of the Chiricahua Apaches. Bess, his daughter, ran the ranch, milked the cows, cooked the food, did the washing, attended to the modest little garden that she had managed to coax from the arid Arizona soil, and even gave the two cayuse ponies that belonged to her father all the grooming they ever got.

Besides this, she had to attend to the selling of water from the artesian well that was the only source for Freshwater ranch's existence.

There was not so very much travel on the road that ran by Mount Graham down to the dusty Gila valley, but there were forty miles at a stretch of it, and Freshwater ranch had the only water that was to be found upon it. And so, when the freight teams and the army ambulances made the trip from Fort Grant to Fort Thomas, the teamsters were very glad to pay twenty-five cents a bucketful for water and double rates for freight. And that is how Bess made a living, a wretched, lonely, almost outcast living, for her father and herself.

But there was plenty to do this day and plenty of excitement. For the first time in all her memory, a whole troop of handsome cavaliers, with a bright cheeked and still handsome young lieutenant at its head, had come to Freshwater ranch to actually camp over night and perhaps stay even longer. A bunch of White River Apaches, getting over the effects of a festive drunk, had jumped the reservation and started on a murdering and thieving raid after their usual manner. Quite after their usual manner, also, two troops of cavalry had started in pursuit, following their trail with the faint hope of catching up with the fleet footed Apaches; while the remainder of two regiments of cavalry had been put at patrol duty and at the guarding of water holes, springs and mountain passes.

It is the young lieutenant that is sent on this patrol duty, as a rule. The more experienced officers are sent in pursuit. And it is a hard grind, indeed, on the nerves of the impatient young lieutenant to sit for days in his camp watching the surrounding country through his field-glass and receiving the reports of his scouts, always the same monotonous: "Didn't see no signs of 'em, sir." It is his ambition to get under fire. It is the height of a young lieutenant's wildest dream to capture or kill a raiding Apache. His heart burns with envy when he hears his old friend, of his regiment, who but a few years before, was himself but a green lieutenant, talk in an off-hand way about that time "we had to fight with old Geronimo down in the San Samano valley." Bailey looks into the camp-fire as he speaks, and does not appear to care whether anyone is listening. There is a tantalizing tilt to Bailey's forehead, and the younger swears that if he ever does, by any good luck, happen to come across a hostile Apache, he will cut off his head forthwith and send it to Bailey, and do a little talking himself. He would hate Bailey if he wasn't such a jolly good fellow and so infernally kind when one discovers that one is a little short of ready cash on one's stripping pay, and so discreetly clever about getting one's money in good time, when one has lamed the poor beast with a skilful rifle, all of which Bailey understands as well.

And so the poor "plebe" lieutenant gnashes his teeth and swears at his luck, and looks at his field-glasses until he can see all sorts of things with his tired eyes except Indians. But when he hears him Mr. Crazy Bear, with his family and relatives and intimate friends, happens to slip through his lines during the night and the trail is not discovered promptly the next day. What to him it is the grinning captain of the pursuing troop that tantalizingly informs him, while he is still rub-

bing his sleepy eye that not only Crazy Bear but his whole troop of tired cavalry has been able to steal upon him and past him.

On the other hand, though, what glory if, by a rare piece of good luck, one of his men dashes breathlessly in while the dew is still heavy on the lean bunch-grass of the mountain with the exciting report that he has cut the raider's trail and that it is but an hour or two old! That is "boots and saddles" and mount and away, and ten to one the "plebe" lieutenant is able to cut in ahead of the troops that are pursuing and, with his fresh horses and his wild anxiety to "get there," able to catch up with Mr. Crazy Bear and capture him and all his retinue after a nice little skirmish, in which he gets a hole through his hat, we hope, and not his heart.

And then he is one of the regiment's heroes. The old captain talk about how young Smith of "ours" cut in ahead of the troops and killed some other regiment, that never could ride, nor fight, either, for that matter. And he sends his campaign hat, with the identical hole in it, back to his mother, who almost faints and surely sobs for a whole day, and has to pray more fervently than ever that her boy will not be killed by some awful Apache.

Such was the precise situation of young Mr. Barnstow, second lieutenant of the 4th regiment of United States cavalry, on this day when Bess was at her wit's end with work and excitement. Chiricahua and his band had jumped the reservation at San Carlos after murdering a freighter and stealing his horses, and all southern Arizona was in a state of excitement. To be ordered out to guard a watering station in bad enough; but when you are quite persuaded that the miscreants have gone in another direction and that you have no chance whatever of being in or near at the death, the situation is almost unbearable.

And that was why, Lieut. Barnstow, fumed, and fretted, and walked up and down in front of the half log, half adobe house called Freshwater ranch, all the long afternoon, and did nothing more important than swear at a trooper much after the manner of several captains he knew; and then apologize to the trooper and make himself ridiculous just because he had some of those higher ideas of the soldier, even though he were but a few months out of West Point.

And so Bess caught but a few glimpses of the lieutenant as he occasionally passed the door, but she saw that he was young and handsome, and her woman's heart was in a flutter. It was all she could do to think up something unusually good to eat for supper. Besides the regular menu of biscuits, bacon, beef and potatoes she had some carefully treasured canned corn and some canned peaches. She wished, awfully, to make some peach pies with those peaches, but in her present state of excitement she was quite sure she



the lieutenant made a polite bow, would make an utter failure of it, and she did not dare risk the attempt. She got out her very brightest and newest calico dress and braided her unruly hair for the first time in months. She did not even scold the sly trooper whom she caught stealing some milk, for fear the young lieutenant would come around to that side of the house—which would be dreadfully embarrassing. And yet she wanted to see the lieutenant and hear him talk—oh, so much! She had read in novels some mysterious things about how young people fell in love with each other and married—and—well, everything is possible in this world.

It was at supper time that they really met. The lieutenant made a polite bow. He was a little bit surprised. He had heard some of the other officers of the garrison say laughingly that the old pretty woman in Arizona was Barnaby's Bess, excepting always, from regimental courtiers, the ladies of the regiment. But he had forgotten all about it in the excitement of his first trip in the field. It occurred to him now, but she was prettier than he had imagined she could be. His ideas of beauty were framed in a West Point landscape, and his divinations had been dressed in costly stuffs and wore diamonds, and were buds from mature New York family trees. But he had not seen a pretty woman in several months, and he was just a little bit embarrassed himself. He hardly noticed the calico. He was quite charmed by the white apron. He concluded at once that, perhaps, this first scout of his would not be so awfully dull after all. He would flirt a little—only in fun, of course. It would be rather a relief from the dullness of the post. So he ate in silence, and stared so hard at Bess that her cheeks flushed a deeper crimson than they had ever known before. And to her amazement and delight, he insisted on calling her Miss Barnaby. In her day-dreams she had often imagined some handsome young man addressing her respectfully as Miss Barnaby. Here was the delightful reality. She spilled the coffee, and could not eat a mouthful of supper, although she was tired and hungry.

And after supper the young lieutenant insisted on helping her wash the dishes. He said it would be great fun, and quite a relief from the rough life of a soldier. Poor youngster, he had become so used to war's alarms. In fact they had become quite a bore. And it seemed to Bess that he stood awfully close to her. Once or twice their hands touched—an accident, she was quite sure. And then, when all her work was finished, the dishes cleaned, the corn and horses fed (in all of which duties the young lieutenant helped)—delightful—delightful—she actually asked her to take a little walk with him. Next to taking her to a real ball, where people danced and ate ice cream as he had read in the books and story papers, he could have done nothing

more to make her absolutely happy.

As for him, it seemed like old days in camp at West Point. She was a girl, and she was pretty. Her calico dress in the moonlight looked very well, and she had taken off the apron. She strolled up the road a little distance and then branched off on a winding trail that led down to a little valley that was flooded with the rich moonlight that broke through the clear Arizona atmosphere. There was an intersecting trail at the foot, and when they reached it Bess gave a little start, and the lieutenant, with all his old West Point promptness, took advantage of the opportunity to place his arm around her waist.

"Don't be afraid," he whispered, very manfully.

"Oh, I am not," she answered, demurely.

And then she stooped down quickly and seemed to pick something up from the trail.

"Did you drop anything?" he asked with mock politeness. "Why didn't you tell me? It was my duty to pick it up, you know."

"I did not drop anything," she answered. "Let's sit down on this rock."

They sat down on the rock, and the young lieutenant, with his heart beating very fast, put his arm around her waist again and took hold of her hands and found himself unconsciously looking for rings, in the manner of young men who wish to hold a young lady's hand and feel in duty bound to offer some slight excuse to the fair one. They did not talk very much. There was not much to talk about. Their mutual friends were few, and therefore there could be no gossip. The theater, books, styles—about everything was barred, from necessity. Nevertheless, it was not long before the lieutenant's brow unconsciously drew gradually toward Bess' pretty lips, and, not long after that, Bess received the first kiss she ever had from a young man. She did not struggle. She was utterly unaware of the arts of her fair sisters in the east. But she did turn squarely around and look the lieutenant very earnestly in the face.

"Do you mean anything by that?" she asked him.

"No," he answered, frankly; "only that you are pretty—and I didn't think you mind."

"I didn't mind," answered Bess, "and I wouldn't mind if I thought you cared for me. In fact," she added, with alarming candor, "I would like it if I were sure you were not making fun of me."

The lieutenant was silent.

"Tell me," she said, clasping his hand excitedly, "if I should do something that would be a great benefit to you—would you think more of me—would you love me?"

"No," he answered quickly, standing up and looking at her a little curiously. "You are too serious. I want to be fair. The fact is, I am engaged—to a young lady in New York. We are going to be married in a year or two, when I get more pay. And perhaps sooner. If I could only do something to distinguish myself, you know. Her father has enough influence to get me promoted to the staff or something like that, so we could live in the east and have money pay. Perhaps I owe you an apology."

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She looked at the photograph a long time.

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"Look here," she suddenly asked, "if you were to catch these Indians, would that be what you wanted to do to be able to get your promotion and marry her?"

"I should say it would," he answered, bitterly. "But that isn't my luck."

"It is! It is!" she cried, falling upon her knees by the trail. "See, I love her to you. See there—and there—and there! Those are my pony tracks! See here!" She held up to him the thing

he had picked up when he was mockingly polite. "It is the lash to an Indian quirt—worn through. They are riding hard and their horses are tired. They were in a hurry to get by here without being discovered by you, or they would have stopped to pick it up. Run, run, I tell you! I can read the trail better than you or any of your men. You can catch them before morning!"

"Run?"

He had started before she had finished, and was bounding up the trail with long, athletic strides, leaving her alone on her knees at the intersection of the trails.

She was still there when the troop rode silently by with the anxious but silent young lieutenant at its head. He bowed to her as he passed, but she did not see him. After the last packman had passed out of sight down the valley, she rose and walked slowly up the mountain.

"I was very foolish," she said. "He has known her a long time, and he never saw me before. Besides, she wears silk dresses all the time and is rich. But that should not make any difference in love. He kissed me! Why should he kiss me if he did not care for me? It is queer. She is a great lady, and I am a poor girl."

She burst into tears and cried for a long time as she sat on the yellow trail at the top of the hill. It was far into the night when she arose to go. She heard, far off in the distance, through the clear air, the faint peeping of carbines and rifles.

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Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

SCOTT RUSK,
Wholesale Lumber.

24 Zimmerly Building. Wichita, Kansas.
Correspondence Solicited. Inquiries answered promptly. Please refer to my price list and write me for special quotations on round lots. I SELL TO DEALERS ONLY.

MAXWELL & McCLURE,
Importers and Jobbers of Notions, Furnishing Goods, Straw Hats, Etc.
237, 239 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

S. A. McClung Boot and Shoe Co.

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ON THE GULF OF MEXICO.
A Northern Traveler's First Impression on Southern Waters.
"We were cruising in an oyster boat on the Gulf of Mexico. There were four of us, besides the boys who row the boat: two from Chicago and two from this city. As the night was warm we slept on the deck, not caring to remain cooped in the little cabin. The boat was safely anchored under the lee of a small island upon which grew so many wild flowers that the fragrance of them was wafted to us by the night breeze which tenderly swept the surface of the water as though whispering delightful secrets in the moonlight. The waves in turn softly murmured against the little boat and with the words of nature's universal language to follow us in dreams we fell asleep, after an anecdote or two and a last smoke."

"The strange note of a wild bird seemed to awaken me early the next morning. The stars were just withdrawing their soft light. The perfume that came from the little island was far more marked than it had been the night before. It came wafted on the wings of morning like a remarkable perfume of overwhelming sweetness preparing the senses of the dawn. From the recesses of the little island came a fragrance that was carried off by the wind and offered to the waves as a lover sends flowers to his sweetheart, hoping to soften her mood to aim thereby. The waves responded by a caressing murmur and a gentle agitation was apparent. Even from out of the mysterious recesses of the island came the morning song of the birds as lovely as Beethoven's sixth symphony. With the odor of flowers and a charming serenade the sea was wooed and the heart that was beating beneath was filled with the sweet passion of nature. The drama of the creative mystery was sweetly enacted; for the earth wooed the wind and the wind the water."

"Then the heavens presented the celestial stage for the universal drama. Mighty scene-shifters worked noiselessly. The winds were run back the flies

drawn up; the starlight and the moonlight became but a delightful memory of a romantic act written by a master poet and a magic transformation occurred on nature's circular stage. In the east a rosy flush appeared; the clouds became great draperies of purple and gold; the song of the birds grew louder and mightier voices seemed to call. "The king comes, make way for the king!" Glad in garments of fire the king made a truly regal entrance, imposing in all his majesty. For a moment wind and wave were silent; then when the king was duly seated in state the drama of the dawn proceeded. Across the gulf a soft radiance was shed. The mist like a gauze stretched across the stage to soften the figures in the tableaux was slowly withdrawn. The outlines of the island became as sharp as the drawing of an etching; the songs from the distant trees almost

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A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5.
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